

*What fools these mortals be.*

# Puck

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WRINGING THEM OUT.

A CONGENIAL OCCUPATION FOR THE CHAIRMAN OF THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE.



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE AMERICAN will "monkey." To monkey is a verb of purely American coinage, invented to meet a need created by the activity of the American mind. It is a verb that needs neither definition, explanation nor excuse to any one who has ever observed the eager, curious interest with which a monkey tries to inform himself, by manual touch and actual experiment, of the nature and use of every object he can lay his paws upon. Sometimes the monkey hurts himself; sometimes he hurts the object he handles: in one way and another, however, he learns a great many things in the course of his monkeying. Now it is inborn in the American native to monkey—or this verb would never have been invented. Monkey he must and monkey he will with whatever is new or strange to him. But he trusts, and as a general rule, safely, to the splendid heritage of common-sense and clear brain that makes him a man and not a monkey, to indulge this simian propensity up to the danger-point and no further. He monkeyes with everything else in the shop; but he does not monkey with the buzz-saw.

Yet it is a dangerous practice, in the long run, as the results frequently show. It brings in more wounds than wisdom. Let us consider one special instance. As a nation, we have established one excellent rule, to which, as a nation, we have consistently adhered—the rule that forbids interference in political matters between the New World and the Old. We have on this continent only one neighbor who owes allegiance to a European power, and we are pledged to respect the dependence of that neighbor. But with this sole exception of Canada, we do not tolerate European meddling with any of the countries of North or South America. It follows, of course, that we are bound to keep out of the quarrels and entanglements of European nations. And as a nation, as far as our government is concerned, we have kept out of such quarrels and entanglements. Beyond



A MAN TO KEEP SOLID WITH.

FIRST SUBURBAN RESIDENT.—Howson Lott seems to be immensely popular with his neighbors. Just look at him over there!  
SECOND SUBURBAN RESIDENT.—Yes; you see he bought a new lawn-mower yesterday.

the insertion in the Congressional Record of some very improper resolutions of sympathy with foreign peoples at odds with their ruling powers, we have refrained from any such dangerous interference.

But, as a people, we have monkeyed with any number of European quarrels. Of course it has always been on the side of moral right, as we saw it. We have taken the part of oppressed peoples or sects or classes. And we have done it as individuals, exercising an undoubted prerogative of free Americans. But, all the same, it has amounted to meddling with what, by our own rule, does not concern us. We have shown our generosity, our liberality, our kindness of heart, and our enthusiasm in the cause of human liberty; but we have shown it in fields wherefrom, by our own best wisdom, we have excluded ourselves from any legitimate activity. It is true that we have avoided any serious international complication; but it is also true that the American people has most persistently monkeyed with the affairs of foreign nations.

Look at a partial list of folks with whom we have "taken sides" in this century. We "took sides" with the Poles against the Russians; with the Hungarians against the Austrians; with the Greeks, and more especially with the Cretans against the Turks; with the Italians against the Austrians, and subsequently against the Pope; with the Cubans against the Spaniards; with the Nihilists and Russian Jews against the Russian government, and always and ever with the Irish against the English. Now, we do not mean to enter into the question of the right and wrong of these quarrels; we only wish to call attention to one result of our monkeying with these foreign matters, and to ask if, under the circumstances, such monkeying pays us, as Americans, with our own country to look out for.

To express our sympathy with these strangers we have got up subscriptions, held mass-meetings, organized processions, worn badges; and on every possible occasion we have flaunted their respective flags, and "entwined" those foreign flags with the stars and stripes of America. It is hard to pick out a European flag with which the American flag has not at some time been "entwined" in expression of a free-and-easy, amicable fraternity and equality. In fact, there is hardly one of the nationalities of Europe among our immigrant population that has not seen its flag flown and festooned and generally made much of by sympathizing Americans. To-day we are receiving the reward of our too enthusiastic sympathy. We made our flag cheap in the past; and our foreign fellow-citizens take it at present at our own valuation. Our cities are decked with foreign flags not only on every national holiday of Europe, but on our own holidays. The Frenchman who hangs out an American flag on the Fourth of July hangs out a French flag by the side of it. The German brings out his German flag; the Italian shows the Italian flag; the Spaniard flies the Spanish flag, and so it goes on down the list.

That is a pretty object-lesson for the "naturalized" citizen. How can a man be naturalized who holds the flag of his old country in one hand and the flag of his new country in the other? What sort of American citizens are they who celebrate the glories of the country where they were born by marching up and down the streets of American cities under the flags of the nations to which they have by solemn oath renounced allegiance? What training is this for their sons and grandsons, American born and in duty bound to loyalty to the United States? If the father divides his love between two flags, what flag will the son care to follow?

All this is bad enough. But this nursing of renounced nationalities which we encouraged in the beginning, goes much further of its own movement. When we celebrate the day which made us a nation, every man who came hither from Europe to seek a home and the privileges of American citizenship demands that the flag of the country he abandoned shall float over our American public buildings, in our American cities, glorified with the American flag on our most sacred American holiday. And the men who make this demand; who ask for this recognition of their foreign birth and their foreign sentiments—these men call themselves Americans! And we stand this sort of nonsense, when not another nation in the world would tolerate such disrespect to its flag for a day or an hour.

This sort of thing makes loyal Americans very angry. But they must not forget that they brought it upon themselves by meddling, or monkeying, with other peoples' business. And they must not forget that their own disregard of the dignity and importance of their own nationality has brought upon them not only this, but more far-reaching evils of the same sort. To their foolish encouragement of alien ideas and foreign sympathies they owe much of the factional division upon race lines which makes good city government a difficult and dangerous problem throughout the country. If they had attended—if to-day they would attend—more to their business as Americans and less to the affairs of strange people, it would be far more easy to teach the naturalized American that his one duty as a citizen is to the country of his adoption; that she owns the right to all his love, all his sentiment, all his devotion, and that there is one flag, and one flag only for him and for all other Americans—the American flag.





#### A GRAND ADVANTAGE.

MR. POVVNEW.—Don't you find this wine very strong?  
MR. VAN BIBBER.—Well, it ought to be, after two ocean voyages — from San Francisco to Bordeaux and back to New York.

#### A SCANTY REWARD.

MISS WINSLOW.—I like the way you treat your mother. You know that they say "A good son makes a good husband."

TOM DE WITT.—So I've heard; but it always seemed to me he was worthy of a better fate.

#### A SECOND HARVEST.

MR. URBAN.—Your farm looks splendid; I never saw any fields so free from weeds.

UNCLE HUMSTEAD.—Yes; we had a lot of city boarders last Summer, and the wimmin folks picked every bit of golden rod an' all the other darn stuff off of them.

#### IN THE DRESSING-ROOM.

JACK.—Now, I must hunt for my trousers.

TOM.—Don't! You might bag them.

#### DIFFERENT.

DUSTY RHODES.—Lady, did I understand you to say "beef?"

MRS. DOGOOD.—I said "biff."

#### IN FOREST GLADES.

"HOW LOVELY are these Woodland blossoms bright!"

He softly murmured, bending his tall head,  
As, 'neath green boughs, they wandered in delight.  
A wilderness of wild flowers round them spread;  
"And yet their beauty is but dim and pale  
Beside your face. Were all their sweetness fled,  
And should this bloom of Summer fade and fail,  
Green boughs be rare, and rich grass spent and dead,  
Still would I gladly roam with you to find, instead —"  
—"Chestnuts," she said.

*Madeline S. Bridges.*

#### HIS BUSINESS.

FANGLE.—Did I hear you refer to Codling as a gentleman of leisure?  
CUMSO.—Yes; he's a building inspector.

#### AUTUMN.

A strange, unwonted sadness  
In the "sparrow cops" we mark,  
For soon the pretty nurses  
Will cease to haunt the Park.



#### WORSE THAN THE CIGARETTE HABIT.

LYTE WAITE.—What can I do to prove my love? I will rob an actress of her diamonds for you, pluck a hair from Kaiser Wilhelm's beard —  
MISS DE SPEYSIT.—Will you give up wearing that yachting-cap?  
LYTE WAITE.—Cruel maid, that is too much!

# HALF-TRUE TALES:

Stories founded on fiction.

By C. H. Augur (Morris Waite)

Illustrations by C. J. Taylor

## CHEVIOT'S DOWNWARD CAREER.\*

WILL CHEVIOT saw before him, from his seat on the hotel porch, the wide bay with its twinkling lights; he heard the creak of the rowlocks, and the splashing of the oars, and the laughter of girls; and somewhere there was dancing, and the faint music of the violins trembled in the air. And so still was the night that the regular throbbing of paddle-wheels from a steamboat not yet visible formed a rumbling undertone to all the other sounds. And the Summer moon bathed all things in its mystic light and far out over the water threw a shining pathway.



Across this path the gliding rowboats passed from time to time, and Cheviot watched them idly as they came from out the half-gloom into light — watched them idly, save when one slow-moving boat, containing two dark forms, came into view, and this he followed with his straining eyes until it merged into the gloom again.

"Her father!" Cheviot said, impatiently. "Why must he have come this night, and taken her away? This night that would have told if there is hope of heaven on earth for me. I surely should have spoken all I feel to-night. And she — she knew what I had planned to say, and her kind eyes have told me I should not ask for hope in vain. So little time," he mused, "so little time has passed since we two met — and yet — I never lived before, and should we part, I could not live again."

He rose and paced the floor; and when he once more tipped his chair against the clapboards, he lighted a cigar and smoked and dreamed and dwelt upon his future life. For he believed his future quite secure, and never was a happier man than Cheviot as he sat alone with all the witching beauties of the Summer night, harmoniously commingling with his thoughts.

The hotel clerk came out and handed him a note which had been left for him at dinner-time, the young man said, and Cheviot rose and sauntered toward the great light placed above the door. He scanned the superscription, wondering whose the writing was. "A lady's hand," he said; "perhaps it's May's;" and then he smiled to think how fast his love had grown — that he had never seen the writing of the girl he should have asked to-night to be his wife, but for the accident which kept them separated.

"She could not see me," Cheviot thought, "and so she writes to tell me why the dance I asked her for to-night must be deferred; and — bless her heart! — she will not say the words, but I shall read between the lines and see that she would rather be with me than anywhere besides."

He held his letter with the envelop half torn, and glanced out on the moonlit track, then stood with eager beaming eyes to watch the little boat he knew move again like a gliding shadow across his view. Then he read:

Dear Mr. Cheviot:

Something you said last night has made me think that I had better tell you I'm engaged, and that we never can be more than friends.

Sincerely yours, May Greenaway.

He placed the letter in the envelop again, and put it in the pocket of his coat. He drew his hand across his brow, and half turned to go in, then turned again and faced the Summer night.

The laughter of the rowers on the bay came to him, hard and mocking sounds. The tremulous notes of distant dancing music seemed like the maddening hum of insect pests. The sickly moonlight touched with false caress the cold outgoing tide. He listened to the dull recurring rumble of the steamboat wheels that came like shuddering sighs through all the myriad sounds. And then he walked across the floor and down the steps.

"Good night," the landlord called in playful tones.

"Good-by," Will Cheviot replied; and passing slowly down the boarded walk, he resolutely fought the voice within which mocked him for his cowardice in seeking self-destruction.

"This is not cowardice," he said; "it is simply that I spoke the truth. I've lived my life within the past few weeks. Till then life had but little charm for me; it has none now. Is he a coward who, when sick and weary, leaves the merry throng, and lays him down to rest?"

So, passing on with desperate thoughts, he turned and slowly walked along the gravelly road that climbed the hill, and leaving all the gleaming lights and happy life behind him, kept his way until he reached the top. He did not look below; he did not turn, but walked on with moderate steps between the cedar trees to the bluff where, towering high above his head, a mass of rock stood black against the moonlit sky. From jagged edge to edge he stepped and passed from height to height, until at last he stood upon the crest.

He listened, but he heard no sound except the steamboat whistle as it signaled its approach. He thought of all the passengers about to land upon the wharf. "And may their life here be as gay as mine," he said, "and their departure different from mine. They say," he added, stepping to the outer edge of rock, "the legend of the Lover's Leap is nothing but a myth; but let them look on what they find below, and say this old gray rock to-night has saved its reputation. The tide is going out," he mused calmly, "and whether all the rocks are bare or whether I

shall drown I do not know. I do not care."

He turned, and stretched his arms out wide; he clasped them around the empty air, and pressed it to his heart as though 't were flesh and blood. He held it long, and gazed at it with rapturous eyes, and strained it to him once again; then flung it off, and, quickly turning, leaped out into space, and nothing but the rattle of a loosened pebble told where he had stood.

Now, 't is an oft-told truth that when a person faces certain death, two seconds is quite time enough for all those actions of his life which have been of doubtful merit to pass in orderly review before his conscious mind; and in that moment most momentous he may contemplate his previous acts with all the leisure he could have if, with a memorandum-book and pocket full of pencils, he had gone away to take a month in some lone





country place. And so, in very truth, it happened in that awful downward dash of William Cheviot.

No sooner had he left his firm foothold than echoing through the years he heard, in gentle tones, his mother's voice:

"Willie, my son," it said, "your breath smells of tobacco smoke."

And then his youthful voice in frank and manly tones he heard reply:

"It's in my clothes, dear Mother. I've been in the barn with Michael, while he smoked his black old pipe."

He never knew before how grave a thing it was to tell a lie, but now, with gravity, he thought on this while gravitation drew him swiftly down.

"Tanka you!" An old Italian fruit man spoke the words some fourteen years ago, and dropped into his clothes a "nickel" made of lead, while Cheviot sunk his boyish teeth deep in a Bartlett pear. A thoughtless piece of knavery this, which lived in his remembrance but a day, and now, years after, sought him out, and stung him in his fearful flight.

"I'd give the balance of my life," he thought, "to make that matter right — which is n't saying much," he thought again.

And scores of little things like these pursued him as he cleft the air, and made him feel so mean and small that he began to wonder if they'd find him in the morning.

But things of greater import plagued his mind when the long record reached more recent dates. He saw that what he'd deemed his greatest virtue was in truth his greatest fault — his amiable desire to please his friends, his acquaintances, to make every one glad by any careless, thoughtless words that might occur to him to say.

A friend of his who wrote a little, just a year ago had asked: "What is your honest judgement, Will — are my things fit to print?"

And Cheviot had slapped him on the back and said, "Well, I should say they were, old man. You set your mind at rest; collect your work; get out a book."

And now the book was out, and Cheviot, in his mid-air musing, thought how all his life he had been raising Cain with that gay, jovial way of his, which flattered harmless men, and made them do the most preposterous things.

'Twas only some four days ago that he had sat upon the beach with fishermen, and watched them mend their nets; and one of them had said:

"I b'lieve that ef you take a trap-net with a reg'lar, square box crib, an' make a bottom to it, an' a top, an' make it out o' nettin' strong enough

to stand ag'in' the chafin' of the surf, I b'lieve," said he, "that ef you take a net like that, an' set it close in shore, an' run your leader out, say forty rod or so — you take a net like that, an' make your fish lead in, instead o' fishin' in the same old way your daddy fished, a-tryin' all the time to make the fish lead out — you take a net like I've be'n tellin' of," said he, "an' I b'lieve such a net as that 'u'd fish."

"Of course it would!" Will Cheviot had said, and slapped the man between the shoulder-blades. "Of course 't would fish. These fish that run in schools lead in shore much easier than they ever do out. You make a net like that and set it up, and you 'll get fish."

He knew no more about the ways of mackerel and bass than any little child, and while he spoke, thought only of the fisherman's pleased look; and then he strolled away, and straight forgot that he had ever spoken the words at all.

And now the thing returned to take its proper place among the others of its kind, and troubled him with thoughts of this poor, worthy man, investing time and money in a visionary scheme.

And only yesterday May's younger sister had — Aha! May's crazy-headed sister! He must think. That madcap girl on whom he played a trick the day before had vowed that she would even things to-day — *Dear Mr. Cheviot: Something you said last night has made me think I'd better tell you I'm engaged.* — No, no! his May would never write like that. O Fool! Fool! — Her sister had been sitting in the writing-room that day. He had seen her write, and tear the paper into bits, and write again, and, giggling, seal the note.

And now it seemed that he had thought of everything to date. His leap had shown him vividly his past mistakes, and he regretted all of them exceedingly, but more than all he wished that he could kick himself for jumping off the rock.

Crash! Splash! Rip! Kerflump! Kerflump! Kerflump!

Will Cheviot reached his destination. Drowned or mangled, which, he could not tell at first; but he was neither one. A net — "a trap-net with a reg'lar square box crib, and made o' nettin' strong enough to stand ag'in' the chafin' of the surf" — had caught him in his flight.

And here the lines of Bret Harte, slightly changed, are very pat:

"God bless the netting that had not a flaw,  
But a happier lover you never saw."

C. H. Augur.



### A SPORTSMAN'S VIEW.



IN THE dry stubble runs the quail,  
The partridge whirrs by reedy brook;  
We catch a glimpse of squirrel's tail  
Evanishing in leafy nook.  
The wild duck's shrilly call we hear,  
And note the rabbit's twinkling ear,  
And nimble hares that bound apace  
Down the dim woodland's dreamy space.  
That is, we read all this in verse  
As apropos the Autumn scene;  
But nothing of the sort occurs,  
At least, wherever I have been  
I've not perceived a blessed thing  
Such as described. Along the road  
I met a cow, meandering,  
And then a farmer with his load;  
Beside a spring I saw a frog,  
And further on a chained-up dog,  
And in a hedge a small young snake;  
But neither partridge, duck, nor quail,  
Nor rabbit's ear, nor squirrel's tail.  
Hence, from my observation keen,  
With due respect to verse and ode,  
I've only this remark to make:  
Autumn appears to be a fake.

Madeline S. Bridges.

### APPRAISING IT.

"But I changed my mind," said Lytewaye.  
"Ah?" returned the Fair Maid of Perth Amboy. "And what did you get when you changed it — five pennies and a nickel?"

TEACHER. — What do we learn from the story about the man who was told to take up his bed and walk?

DICKY HICKS. — We learn when folding beds were invented.

### LOVERS' QUARRELS.

A little quarrel may divide their ways,  
And start two souls for the Antipodes;  
The globe half-circled, face to face they gaze,  
See they are fools, — and then make up with ease.

G. E. Hanson.



### IT NEVER FAILS.

BUSKIN BOARDS. — This rain-making scheme seems to be a go, does n't it?

AD. VANCE. — Yes; but I've a better.

BUSKIN BOARDS. — What's that?

AD. VANCE. — Give an open-air production of "As You Like It."



## WISHES.

I wish I had a thousand tongues  
To sing my lady's praise;  
I wish I had a thousand eyes  
To see her winning ways;  
I wish I had a thousand banks,  
With all their legal tender —  
A thousand banks that I might buy  
Rich presents for to send her;  
I wish I had a thousand hearts  
To squander love upon her;  
And I wish I had a thousand swords  
To kill the man who won her.

## A TOO-CREDULOUS COLLECTOR.

TOM O'BRIEN, the old boy at Baker & Hicks, Stocks and Bonds, had achieved his promotion.

A quiet, modest youth named Henry Briggs had been hired to fill his place, and so it fell to Tom's lot to accompany the new-comer the first time he made his rounds among the offices, in order to instruct him in the ways of the business.

Tom was a sharp, precocious youngster from the East-side; and as none of the pure and noble precepts he had learned in Wall Street had touched his low sense of the proprieties, he resolved to play a dastardly trick on the novice.

"Well, Cully," he remarked, as he lit a cigarette, which he had stolen from the book-keeper before leaving the office; "I suppose you think yer knows how to git in dem checks? Oh, yer does, hey? Well, how 'd yer work it?"

"I'd go into an office and say: 'Have you a check for Baker & Hicks?'" began Henry; but Tom cut him short with a howl of derision.

"Oh, yer would, would yer? I'd like to see yer once! Dat's Sunday-school talk; dat ain't business; dey'd know yer was green in a minute. Come wid me, an' I'll show yer." And he dragged the new boy into a large office where the check-window was filled by a freckle-faced chum of his, also an East-sider.

"Gimme my check!" demanded Tom, with a defiant swagger.

"Check nothin'," retorted his friend; "t'row yer outer de office first."

"Gimme dat check, or I'll climb over de fence an' break yer face in," reiterated Tom.

"How much does yer want?" asked the youth, apparently somewhat mollified.



## HOUSEHOLD ART.

MR. HUBBY. — My dear, can you patch these trousers into respectability?

MRS. HUBBY. — I don't think I can, Love; but *do* let me have them. I can put a pink bow on each side, and paint the background. They will look *ever* so nice!

"None of yer — business!" answered Tom; and then, after a final exchange of courtesies, he secured his check, and left the office.

"Dat's de way we does it," he explained to Henry.

"It seems very strange," mused the latter, doubtfully.

"Rats! Don't yer take no guff from nobody. Come, we'll try de next place." And a similar scene enacted with another of Tom's cronies convinced Henry that business methods were strange but arbitrary.

"Now, den," said Tom, wickedly, as he pointed to one of the most respectable and wealthy houses on the street, "go in dere an' let's see what yer can do."

Henry mustered up his courage; he thought he could give a good enough imitation of Tom's business-like language to escape being regarded as "green;" at any rate, he meant to try.

He entered the office. The white-haired, old cashier beamed benevolently on him through the window.

A moment later, Henry darted hurriedly through the door. There was a desperate dash along the hall-way, a headlong plunge down the steps; and then Wall Street was treated to the spectacle of an exciting foot-race between an angry old gentleman and a badly scared youth whose fears lent wings to his feet, and carried him rapidly out of sight.

Harry Romaine.

## SAVED BY A DETECTIVE.



MR. Y. DANGLE. — Great heavens, a bear! Happy thought! Perhaps the beast will take the camera for a gun.



BRUIN. — Brace up, now; I'm getting tired of this photographing mania. Send me couple of prints if you get a good plate.





A SURE CURE FOR POVERTY — \$ \$ \$.

THE ROAD to ruin is broad; but its entrance is generally through the side-door.

A MAN CAN always keep himself in good credit so long as he does n't ask for it. Paste this in your hat and dodge the fatal request.

"THE EVIL that men do" is rather overdone in the sensation novel. A heated imagination burns passion to a crisp, and holds up to Nature a red-hot stove-lid rather than a mirror.

IT WAS a lucky thing for the "Good Samaritan" that there were no policemen in those days. The officer who discovered the case would have called for an ambulance and arrested him as a witness.

PESSIMISM WOULD flay the skin off this fair world to show the unhand-some corse beneath.

"A STONE'S THROW" is a distance that depends a good deal on the size of the stone. But, then, we are always too ready to accept phrases for facts.

IF "GREAT WIT to madness surely is allied," there is n't much doubt of the sanity of most jokers.

POETS ARE ever inconsistent. Omar Khayyam growls in one place: "Do you think that you are gold, that men should dig you up after death?" — and laments, in another, that the jugs into which man's clay is made can not taste the wine they hold.

#### FAREWELL.

That money talks I don't deny;  
To me it always says "Good-by."



#### AGREED!

JANE.—Mrs. Lake Shore, do you like the tail ends of the Porterhouse steaks?

MRS. LAKE SHORE (*positively*).—No, indeed!

JANE (*sadly*).—Neither do I.



#### NO FRILLS.

BRITISH TOURIST (*in Oklahoma*).—Aw, Landlord, 'ave you a shooting-coat you can lend me this morning?

LANDLORD TANNER (*genially*).—Like to oblige ye, but I hain't got none. You don't need it, nohow. If you've got a grudge agin some feller, jest go right out the way you air an' settle it. Does n't make the least difference how you 're dressed.

#### IT WENT.

HER FATHER.—I don't want you to think, Nellie, that your mother and I are at all anxious to have you leave home, or anything like that; but you know that you have younger sisters—and, really, it looks as though you ought to be looking out for a husband.

NELLIE.—Certainly, Papa. (*to herself*.) And now the time has come at last when what I say in this family goes.

#### A SUFFICIENT EXCUSE.

CHOIR LEADER.—Ach! that vas terrible, Miss Screecher! You haf lost de tune; you are vay oud!

MISS SCREECHER.—That 's all right, Professor; I only went out to get the air.

#### A GROWING TOWN.

THE MARQUIS OF LIN FOO TSIN.—You say you live in Chicago? What State is it in?

HYDE PARK (*with pride*).—It was in the State of Illanoy; but it is now in the er—United States.



"A plain, blunt man."  
Julius Caesar.

#### AT THE INTERESTING POINTS.

"Are you going to receive bulletins from the foot-ball game?" asked a caller.

"Yes, sir," replied the editor; "we shall put out a bulletin every time a man gets killed."

#### LOCATED AT LAST.

"The name of a Minnesota legislator is 'Bjorge.'"

"I've heard the name quite often; 'but I did n't know where the man lived."

#### AN EX-CHAMPION.

Ah! Science has advanced, until  
The charge for the electric light  
Has knocked the haughty, old gas bill  
Completely out of sight.



NEARLY AT THE END OF HIS PATIENCE.

UNCLE SAM.—What's the matter with all you fellows? Is n't the American flag good enough for you?



PUCK.





## IN NEW YORK, OF COURSE.

HOWELL GIBBON.—Great Scott! Hoffy, why this rig?  
 HOFFMAN HOWES (with determination).—I am going,  
 deah boy, to climb across Broadway and Third Avenue.

## FORCE OF HABIT.



VERY TALL and very slim young man leaned against a closed gate in front of a house in the suburbs, and brushed the dust from a pair of well-worn patent-leather shoes as he watched a dog on the other side.

Around his shoulders swung an empty portfolio, and in one hand he carried, in a bound volume, the autobiography of a great and recently deceased war general. The fact that the autobiography was written for commercial purposes during the week of the war general's funeral does not enter into our story.

It was the plain ambition of the dog to reach the slim young man's checked trousers through the pickets of the fence; and while his efforts in that direction failed to interrupt the thorough polish of the patent-leathers, they attracted the attention and interest of a third party.

A short man, whose costume of rags and dirt showed evidences of veteran vagrancy, was limping toward the gate from across the street.

"Fer a quarter, pardner," he said, swinging himself easily to a seat on the fence, "I'll call off th' dog."

The slim young man looked hard at the stranger, who endured the scrutiny with cheerfulness, and then reached two fingers into his vest-pocket. Before withdrawing them, however, he glanced at the dog, whose blazing eyes were turned on the ragged man with unmistakable desire.

"Go ahead," he said. "I'll leave a quarter on the fence, and you can have it when you come back—alive."

The stranger waited until the coin was deposited on top of a picket, and then slid to the ground inside the fence.

Thrusting one foot in front of him, he raised his right hand and pointed with dramatic effect toward the rear of the yard. Then, as the dog came rapidly in his direction, with every front-tooth visible, and the slim young man's hair arose on his head, he whispered hoarsely:

"B' gone, Tirego! See'st thou the bloody t-rail of thy unhapp-y mistress-s-s—and dost-est thou wait! B' g-gone, I say!"

A look of surprise stole over the face of the dog as he brought him-

self to a reluctant halt. Then, at the last word, his nose dropped to the ground, and he slunk across the lawn.

The ragged man came and opened the gate, while his companion wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and stooped to pick up his autobiography.

"D' dog use'ter work on d' stage," explained the stranger, abstracting the quarter and sounding it against a nail-head in the fence, "an' he ain't fergot his part. But—'f you'll excuse me—"

"Certainly," said the slim young man.

"—d' ain't much use f' you t' go in dat house."

The other was already inside the gate, with his book opened at the first page, and he turned about.

"Why not?" he demanded.

"B'cuz d' people moved away las' Fall. De dog b'longs to de actor w'at lives nex' door."

Robert Barnes Cramer.

## THE ONLY TIME.

MRS. NORRIS.—It was the mistake of my life when I said "Yes" at the time you asked me to marry you.

MR. NORRIS.—Humph! You'd never have had the chance if I had known that you were going to say "No" to everything I asked you afterward.

## APTLY NAMED.

"This geyser," said the guide in the Yellowstone region, "is called the Political Geyser."

"Ah," replied the tourist. "And why?"

"Because it throws mud."

## TOO MUCH IN IT FOR THEM.

TIMOTHY.—Why can't we settle this case without any more litigation?

SEARLES (dejectedly).—The lawyers won't let us.

## A BUSINESS MISCONCEPTION.

BILL RUNNER (having measure taken for a pair of shoes).—Do you think you can make this pair of shoes last?

PEGGS (the shoemaker).—Oh, yes; I think so. And possibly not at all, unless you care to pay in advance.

PUCK'S ILLUSTRATED  
 DEFINITIONS.  
 "Shot Silk."



## PROGRESS.

IKY PALESTEIN.—Fader sent me back mit der peanpot, und he vants to know ohf you'll give him an extra rebade on der biece of bork.



## A HIT.



Algernon made such a hit as an amateur that he seriously considered going on the professional stage. His friends egged him on —

## NO MORE POSTPONED GAMES.

Uncle Jere Rusk is a base-ball enthusiast, and rarely misses a game. It is safe to predict that next Spring, when he has become master of the rain, and holds the clouds in his hands and the winds in his whiskers, that there will be no more postponed games in Washington.

## ANOTHER GENTLE REMINDER.

When a preacher high in station  
Loses faith in inspiration,  
And rather doubts that devils dwell in pigs;  
In the way the fossils fear him,  
And the people flock to hear him,  
He'll remind you very much of Dr. Briggs.

E. Frank Lintaber.

## A TERRIBLE MISTAKE — Fixing It.



## PHILADELPHIA.

BROTHER DRABKINS. — Good-by, then, Brother Broadbrim; these are troublous times. I know not when I may see thee again.

BROTHER BROADBRIM. — Thee speakest truly, Brother Drabkins; but if neither thee nor I suffer arrest this week, thee wilt find me at meeting on First Day.

## MIGS.

MR. B. Z. NESS. — Harry is old enough to begin to think about a trade.

MRS. NESS. — He is doing very well at a trade now.

MR. NESS. — In what line, pray?

MRS. NESS. — Marbles.

THE ENGINEERS of politics are on the look-out for heated journals about election-time.



— but the public egged him off.

## PERSONAL NOTES FROM EUROPE.

Alexander Romanoff, of Moscow, has been paying flying visits to relatives and friends in the different European capitals.

William Hohenzollern's whiskers are almost long enough for the zephyrs to toy with.

Mrs. Victoria Guelph, of Windsor, is visiting her son's family at Kensington.

Francis J. Hapsburg, of Vienna, has had three new uniforms made for Winter wear as Colonel in the German, Russian and Italian armies.

Albert E. Guelph will not attend many card parties this season.

Mr. Christian, of Copenhagen, is congratulating himself that all his daughters are married off.

Mr. Abdul Hamid, of Constantinople, will not invite any of his friends to take a piece of Turkey on Thanksgiving Day.

## THE HANDSOME THING.

FOREMAN *Western War Cry* (to EDITOR). — While you were out, Farmer Grayneck brought in that huge watermelon over there. Is n't it a whopper?

EDITOR. — I should say so! By George! We must do the handsome thing by Grayneck! I'll write a complimentary notice, calling him an enterprising and prosperous citizen, and we'll head it with that cut of W. L. Buglas, the \$3.00 shoe man, that we were saving to use for Pan-handle Hoke, the desperado.

## EVEN.

BRIEF NO. I. — Sir, you're no lawyer.

BRIEF NO. II. — Sir, you're no judge.

BRIEF NO. I. — I never wished to be.

BRIEF NO. II. — Which proves that you, too, are no lawyer.

THE CLOSEST Labor Union is the royal trade of reigning.

## About

## "PUCK'S PAINTING BOOK"

FOR CHILDREN,

BY FREDERICK B. OPPER.

Suppose you wanted to make up a little list of presents for a child between six and twelve years of age, would n't you surely include a Painting-Book, such as you had when you were a child?

You remember it. There was a colored picture on one page — colored in bright simple colors, such as a child can readily learn — red, and yellow, and blue, and purple, which is red and blue mixed, you remember. Then on the opposite page was the same picture in outline. You copied it in the colors indicated. It was great fun on a rainy day, or when you were getting over the whooping-cough.

Of course you would put down the Painting-Book in your list. Then you would go out to get it.

Then you would n't get it. It is n't to be got. There is nothing of the sort in the market.

There are some painting-books — so called. But they are printed in "art tints" and "tertiary colors." No child on earth could mix and copy such colors. Few artists could.

The child who has such a book tries to copy one design. That's the end of it.

What is the use of giving such a present to a youngster whom you want to amuse? "Art tints"! "Tertiary colors"! What nonsense! How can a child understand such things? But any child understands Red, Blue, Green, Yellow.

And any child understands and enjoys a simple, clear, funny picture such as MR. OPPER draws, especially when there is a bright funny rhyme under it to explain it.

And any child that is n't a born idiot can copy a picture printed, like those in MR. OPPER'S book, in the first plain simple colors that any child learns.

The children of the people of this great United States are not prodigies who can do wonders in "Art tints." But neither are they born idiots.

We think they will enjoy an old-fashioned Painting-Book, and enjoy it all the more because the pictures are not only within the range of their powers, but funny, too, and interesting. That's why we have put

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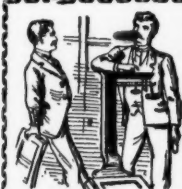
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pass*

that all the world  
insists on having  
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## PULLING TRADE.

JACK.—They have a new wrinkle downtown,  
—a barber shop where you have your hat ironed  
while you are being shaved.

HARRY.—What is the idea of that?

JACK.—In kicking about the hat, you forget  
to kick about the shave!

## RUINOUS.

"Why did n't Maude deliver her speech at  
Commencement? Had n't she prepared it?"

"Oh, yes. The speech was ready, but her  
new dress did n't come."—*The Epoch.*

**"SHORT SIXES,"** By  
H. C. BUNNER.  
In Paper, 50 Cts. In Boards, \$1.00.

## A VERY HIGH TEA.

Miss Ethel Dessaix gave a very "high tea,"  
And invited Alberta, Judith and me;  
We were each offered tea in a wee china cup,  
And a small crispy cake, which was soon eaten up.  
Then with farewells, Judith, Alberta and I  
Went home to cold turkey, baked beans and  
mince-pie.

—Emma C. Dowd, in *The Ladies' Home  
Journal.*

THE chances are that a long-felt want is about  
to be filled. A Hoboken man is working on a  
collar button with a whistle attachment. —  
*Yonkers Statesman.*

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## INFORMATION GRATIS.

"Professor, what is the greatest paper-making  
centre in the world?"

"Wall Street, Mr. Freshe," returned the Pro-  
fessor of Political Economy.—*The Epoch.*

## ONE POINT IN HIS FAVOR.

"Hicks may be a borrower, but he's a gen-  
erous soul," said Hawkins.

"That's so," returned Jingleberry.

"He borrowed \$5 from me last night and  
spent \$3 of it blowing me off to a bottle of wine."  
—*The Epoch.*

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"What do you say to a tramp after dinner?"  
asked Walker, anxious for a walk.

"Nothing. I unchain the dog."

## PRUDENT MATRONS.

FIRST BOSTON MAMA.—I was horrified to find  
my little Bessie reading that demoralizing story  
of Cinderella yesterday.

SECOND BOSTON MAMA.—Shocking! I won't  
let it go into my nursery. A glass slipper is only  
one remove from a diaphanous skirt. — *Kate  
Field's Washington.*

Mothers give Angostura Bitters to their children to stop colic  
and looseness of the bowels. Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons, sole  
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 FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

## POLITICS AND POLITICIANS.

Yoo kant tel wat a politishen iz goin tu du bi  
 wat he sez.

A pure staitzman iz alwaiz out uv a job.

Ekonomy don't wurk in politix; the wheel uv  
 the vehikle in which politix rides needs greasin  
 mighty ofen.

The man thet kepes his mouth shut don't haftu  
 eat no krow.

The man hoo fules round politix may think he  
 iz duin sumthin fer the kountry; but he haint  
 duin nuthin fer his self.

Most politikal reformers need reformin mitey  
 bad before startin out.

The Alliants men kin kontinyoo tu spout ther

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views; but they 'll haftu wait til the sub-treasury  
 skeme goes intu effekt befour tha kin spout ther  
 krops.

Ther air tu menne peeple hoo want to sackrifise  
 themselves fer ther kountry in times uv peece.

The man hoo kin remember ante-eleckshun  
 promises belongs in a museum.

Politix iz ketchin and deth iz the onli kure.—  
*Erie (Kans.) Republican Record.*

## "HYPNOTIC TALES," By J. L. FORD.

In Paper, 50 Cts. In Cloth, \$1.00.

## KEEPING HIM IN POVERTY.

MR. HOOPOO.—I wondah sometimes, Miss  
 Gamo, why I am so poor, doncher know, while  
 so many fellows are vewy well off.

MISS GAMO.—I think it must be because so  
 many people amuse themselves at your expense,  
 Mr. Hoopoo.

ACCORDING to an English savant the remedy  
 for intemperance is to drink nothing—not even  
 water. He claims that drinking any kind of  
 liquid is an acquired habit, and is unnecessary.  
 We sometimes reach that conclusion, too, but  
 not in times of drought.—*Exchange.* Eating is  
 also an acquired habit, but one that is acquired  
 so early in life that few persons have been able to  
 give it up entirely.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Don't waste precious time.—Use Dr. Bull's Cough  
 Syrup at once for your cough or cold.  
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**WESTERNER.**—From the East, aint ye?  
**EASTERNER.**—Yes; I'm president of the Twenty-fifth National Bank of New York.

**WESTERNER.**—You don't say so! I'm right glad to meet you! I'm a Missouri train robber.  
—*Drake's Magazine.*

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Cures Rupture because it has perfect Adjustment, is worn NIGHT and DAY. Has a pad which can be changed in SHAPE and SIZE by the patient to suit the varying conditions of the case. Call and examine.  
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**MR. LAMAN.**—Why do you always question patients so closely about what they eat? Does the information you get help you to diagnose their cases?

**DOCTOR EMDE.**—Oh, no! But by doing so I am enabled to guess what their station in life is, and how much fees I can probably get out of them.

**GLADYS.**—Does your father give you much pin money?

**MURIAL.**—Oh, yes—he comes up to the scratch every month.—*Boston Post.*

**SOMEBODY** says that poets are declining. This may be so; but you had better not ask a poet what he will take on the strength of it.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

**YOUNG LADY** (to instructor in German).—When is your birthday to be, Herr Professor?

**HERR PROFESSOR.**—I have been already born, my Fraulein.—*Pharmaceutical Era.*

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**CUSTOMER.**—Do you keep necktie fasteners?

**CLERK.**—No, sir.

**CUSTOMER.**—Thank you. Neither do I.—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

#### TOO LONG.

"You can walk across the Brooklyn Bridge for nothing now."

"Is n't that a pretty long walk to take for nothing?"—*Truth.*

**THOSE** who are fond of short stories are referred to the Manx cat, which always has a brief tail.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

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THE noun Cleopatra is accented on the penultimate.—*St. Louis Post Dispatch.* That should be of interest to Marc Antony.—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE candidate pays his money and the people make their choice.—*N. O. Picayune.*

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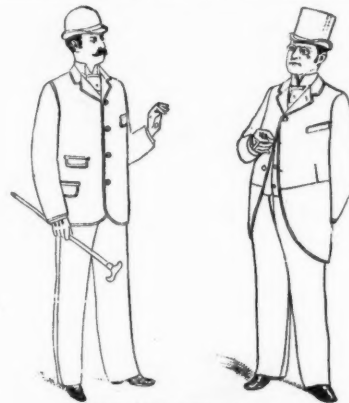
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**MAMA.**—Who dwelt in the Garden of Eden?  
**NEDDIE.**—Oh, I know—the Adamases.—*Drake's Magazine.*



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A CALM IS AS BAD AS A CYCLONE.

ROWNE DE BOUT.—Cheer up, old man. "The wind is tempered to the shorn lamb," you know.

UPSON DOWNES.—I wish it were not tempered quite so much. I have been doing my best to raise it all morning.

WHIM-WHAMS.

YEAST.—Why is it a man always runs his hand through his hair when in deep thought, I wonder?

CRIMSONBEAK.—He 's trying to grasp the idea, I suppose.

Not expected to live—the last rose of Summer. Everything is free when it is given away, except a bride.

The pen is mightier than the sword when it comes to making flourishes.

The man who gets his desserts in this world usually has no "pudding."

If this world is a stage, the bald-headed man must be a supe, for he has no part.

The trouble with \$ V. White & Co. was financial dyspepsia, caused by taking too much corn.

Conundrum parties are popular out West. It is natural to suppose that there is always more than one guessed at them.

The man who complains that the sermon is too long is the same one who thinks the minstrel performance is too short.

When some one asked Bacon what he thought of his wife's mince pie, he said it was "a dream." And we imagine he was n't far from right.

"WHY is it that untruthfulness is on the increase?" asked a lady teacher of her Sunday School class.

"Because the ladies are getting older every day. I suppose," replied the bright scholar.—Yonkers Statesman.

CONSISTENT IN ALL THINGS.

THE REV. MR. BLANK (at the rehearsal of the wedding ceremony, to the groom).—And now, Mr. Canvas, have you the ring?

MR. CANVAS.—Yes, sir; three of 'em.

"Why, you don't need three rings!"

"I know it; but you see I'm in the circus biz, an' I thought 't would be a purty good ad. for my show to have three rings used in the ceremony. See?"—Medina Gist.



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TOO MANY NICKELS.

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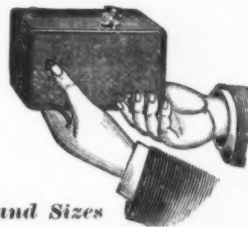
THE REV. MR. SMIRKE.—Indeed I should! Mine last Sunday was only eight dollars and sixty-four cents.—Boston Post.

BLYNMAN.—I see that the Pacific Monthly has stamped your poem with approval.

PENMAN.—Yes; but they did n't return the stamps I sent with it.—Boston Post.

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